

OUR DREAM DEPARTMENT.

By Roy L. McCardell.

The Interpretations of Nocturnal Visions Alphabetically Arranged—Prizes for the Best and Worst Dreams—Join Our Dream Club and Don't Wake Up.



In response to many requests to wake up, we have decided to open a Dream Department. As a guide to dreamers we will run every other day an alphabetically arranged Dream Explanation and Oracle of Fate. We will also offer valuable prizes for the best dreams not on our list. Prizes—For the best dream—An elegant half-tone or talking-in-his-eyes portrait of District Attorney Jerome. For the worst dream—A canned Welsh rabbit. For the best nightmare—An elegant gig. Tell us what you dream and we will tell you what it means. The Dream Department will be open every other day. Long dreams not admitted.

Dream Book and Oracle of Fate—Letter "A."

Acrobat—To dream of acrobats, especially the contortionist sort, is a sure sign that some one in South Bend is thinking of you. Actors—To dream of seeing actors is a sign that you will sit down somewhere at night, or on a Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, and be awinded out of \$2. Adders—You will be a successful mathematician if you stop drinking. Ague—You will shortly get the cold shake. Air—To dream of air is a sign that you inhale while breathing; to dream of hot air is a sign that you will attend a banquet. Angels—A good thing for young ladies about to go upon the stage. Animals—A relative will visit you, bringing several children. Archbishop—To dream of the Archbishop of this diocese is a good sign for those who like to ride on rubberneck hacks—because it is the See of New York.

Aristocrat—To dream of seeing one is a sign that you have not paid your ice bill. Ashman—To dream of presenting an ashman with a manicure set is very silly. Do not do it under any circumstances.

Letter "B."

Bagpipe—You will meet the President. Sure sign of shortly meeting with the Big Noise. Barber—You will get in a bad scrape and only get out of it by a close shave. Beware of duffers who will try to soft soap you, and then rub it in. Bat—Beware of bad companions who would tempt you to stay out all night, visiting saloons and drinking more than is good for you. Beard—To dream of a beard is a bad sign on the face of it. To dream that you have a beard when you have one is a sign that you do not know which is correct whisker etiquette, to sleep with the slugs outside or inside the bedclothes. Also foretells hurricanes and high winds. Bed—To dream you are in bed asleep shows you are a wide-awake person. To dream of a folding-bed means danger. Bees—To dream of bees is a warning to be careful. One has a swell time when he is stung, hasn't he? Birds—To dream of birds is a sign that some one is trying to gull you, that you will go out on a lark with a couple of other jays and that a night-hawk cabman will be feathering his nest by robbing you while you are intoxicated as a boiled owl in the park. You will call a sparrow cop, but when you bring him before Magistrate Crane the night hawk will have a lot of stool pigeons on his side who will crow over you when he's let off, and it will always stick in your craw the way Crane made you quail by telling you you are a fine bunch of cuckoos.

Bolt—Good sign for clerks in dress goods department. Bad sign for sporting men to dream of a bolt for a door. Signifies a raid. Bridge—You will lose at cards. For a family man, bad luck. You will move to Brooklyn. Brooch—Bad luck. You will get it in the neck. Buried—Best kind of luck. Means an end to all your troubles. To dream of being buried alive you will move to Philadelphia.

THE TRIBE OF ANANIAS.

By Nicola Greeley-Smith.



So many references have been made to the late Mr. Ananias since the issue of veracity between President Roosevelt and Senators Chandler, Tillman and Bailey arose that it may be worth while to consider that Biblical gentleman and his descendants of the present day. You recall, of course, the story of Ananias, of how in response to apostolic preaching he sold his possessions and laid them at Peter's feet. BUT HE KEEPT BACK PART OF THE PRICE. And so was struck dead for his pains. And later his wife, Sapphira, who stood in with him and died in like manner to the Apostle, suffered a similar quies. But the evil that they did lived after them, and through thousands of years has come down to our own day and flows in the veins of their million descendants that President Roosevelt and some other wise man—who was it?—have denounced.

The other wise man said all men were liars. I don't know whether or not they all lie to each other, but they certainly all lie to women, on the rather specious plea that women can't stand having the truth told them. The truth—the ugly truth, Stendhal called it—and men generally seem to consider that as monstrous gorgon whose unveiled face is death to those that look upon it.

When we are wise and weary of tears we let them lie to us without protest. Indeed, we may seem to believe them. Which is the only thing to do. But there is one thing in which we are generally very remiss. We do not, as individuals, insist upon a high standard of lying. When we first know as fiancées or wives man well enough for them to consider us worth lying to, we put a very good article. They devote some time and thought to these little fictions which are sometimes so ingenious as to be almost as pleasing as the truth itself. But custom stales the infinite variety even of liars, and after a time our particular Ananias thrusts upon our wounded consciousness a lie so feeble, so foolish, so utterly transparent that a two-year-old child would have reason to be ashamed of it.

There is nothing that hurts us quite so much as this first foolish lie. A wise lie, a consistent, really intellectual lie, we are bound to respect.

But a woman never respects anything quite so much as an insult to her mentality—particularly when she isn't quite sure that she has one.

Why should men talk of the Ananias tribe? What do they know about it compared with us—the poor, long-suffering Sapphiras?

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Thin Eyebrows.



S. K.—This will help stimulate the growth of scant eyebrows. Red vaseline, ounce; tincture of anthurides, 1-8 ounce; oil of lavender, 15 drops; oil of rosemary, 15 drops. Mix thoroughly. Apply to the eyebrows with a tiny toothbrush once a day until the growth is sufficiently stimulated. Then less often. This ointment may be used for the eyelashes also. In this case it should be very carefully applied. It will inflame the eyes, as any oil will, if it gets into them.

For Weak Eyes.

A SUFFERER—Here is a formula for a strengthening lotion for the eyes: When the eyes have become irritated through excessive use a compress of fine linen, wet with

very cold water, applied to them and changed as often as it becomes warm, will generally relieve them. If the irritation continues, the following lotion will probably prove efficacious: Dissolved water, 1 kilogram; rosemary flowers, 20 grams. Steep the rosemary flowers in the water for a week, then strain, and to the strained water add the following: Rose water, 20 grams; brandy, 20 grams.

For the Scalp.

C. R.—Try this recipe for itching scalp. It will generally allay the itching. Get a cake of bicarbonate of soda, cut into halves and shave one half into fine bits. Dissolve it in boiling water. You may stir the mixture on the stove over a gentle heat if you choose. You should have water to form a jellylike mixture when cold. To use first, wet the hair thoroughly with clear, warm water, then rub the soap mixture into the hair, taking care of every particle of the scalp is thoroughly saturated with the soap mixture.

THE 'JOLLY' GIRLS—THEY Win! By George McManus



Chug-Chug Lyrics by Barnes.

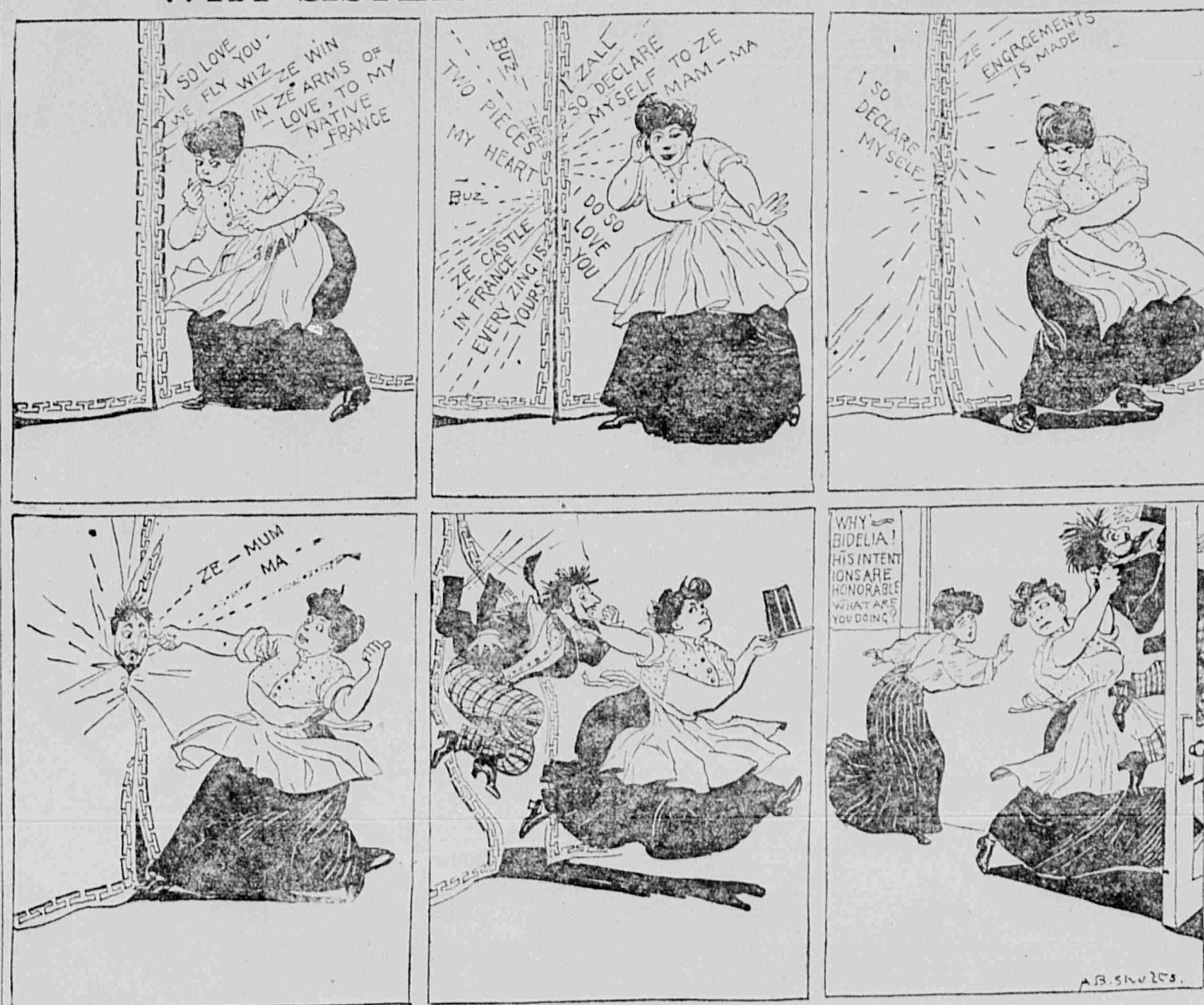
THE motor car whizzed gayly past—
'Twas going only middling fast—
A thirty-mile-an-hour clip,
It really dawdled on this trip;
And from the pipe that stuck out aft
We saw this stream of smoke-puffs waft:
.....

And as we looked and envied those
Who rode, done up in auto clothes,
We said, in quite a bit of heat:
'They ought to keep 'em off the street!'
And then those smoke-puffs looked, I wis,
To you and me, about like this:
.....

No. 1—THE EXHAUST.

The breeze that through our city flies
Sent bits of dust into our eyes,
And carried, to our discontent,
A most distressing, fearsome scent;
And then—kind friends, believe this lay—
Those pungent puffs looked this way:
.....

WHY SISTER MARY NEVER MARRIED.



BETTY'S ADVICE TO LOVERS.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY, Evening World, Post-Office box 1324, New York.

She kindly advise me what to do, as I love her very much. A. G.

He Doesn't Write.

Dear Betty: I AM a young girl of eighteen and a fellow about nineteen years of age. He asked permission to call. I have allowed him to do so, and he has called regularly every Sunday evening and has been very attentive. As he lives some distance away, we have not responded. Lately he has not been to my calling on her. They have quarreled several times at home over my matter. Shall I keep on seeing my

friend against my folks' will or give her up to please them. HEARTBROKEN.

Do not give her up.

Cruel Parents Oppose.

Dear Betty: I AM a young man of nineteen and the same age. Both our parents, however, are opposed to the marriage. Would you advise me to give her up, or marry her against our parents' wishes? MARCHET A.

You are too young to marry. Wait till you are twenty-one and then do as you please.

THE NEW PLAY
"Mistakes Will Happen"
Proves Its Title at
the Garrick.

It seems like dying in the face of fall, and to produce in this last hour of the season a play with the title "Mistakes Will Happen." Better experience has taught us that mistakes have happened in the best regulated theatres in the last few weeks the lower section of theatrical Broadway has been turned into a veritable graveyard of mistakes. But none springs eternal in the ambitious breast at this time of year. It buds with the trees, blossoms like the tulip and defies the frost that is almost sure to follow.



With a smile on his face and eye that can look into an empty balcony without flinching, Mr. Charles Dickson is following a former hope at the Garrick with a force that was young six or seven years ago, and that betrays its age in nearly every line. It has reached New York after all these years lame and feeble and creaking in its joints. Grant Stewart has made no perceptible change in his little play since the days it braved the one-night stand, but time has done it for him, leaving it a bundle of rattling bones. The sad part of it is that new flesh might have been put on these bare bones. The opportunity was there, but it has been lost.

The farce has one good situation. A good actor (his word for it) has a bad play and a wife on his hands. The actor and his wife are sorely in need of an "angel" when a white-haired one happens along and flaps his wings at the poor but enterprising lady. He doesn't know she is married, and he induces her to come to his coach-house and read him the play. The old man's wife, who has the stage bee in her

Although Mr. Dickson's touch was not as light as it has been in the past, it was sure and generally pleasing. Miss Edna Aug. played the German slaver with a vigor born of vaudeville and a dialect that smacked of Sam Bernard, but she was capital in her songs. The gentility of that fine old actress, Miss Rose Eytling, rose superior to her wretched role of a boardinghouse keeper and won both sympathy and respect. "Mistakes Will Happen" is a fitting end to the ally season.

CHARLES DARTON.

THE GIRL FROM KANSAS.

By Alice Rohe.



"We have a new little sunflower in our midst," said the Girl from Kansas. "We're busy now trying to make her understand that her wild, untamed, Western ways won't go in New York as all. She will have to adapt herself to the standards of the community. Her name is Mary Doty and she has a perfectly good voice. "Mary came to New York to go into opera. She's been simply crazy to be a prima donna ever since the New York Elite Opera Company opened the "Operry House" with "Hohendun Girl" at ten, twenty and thirty per head. Mary said she could have died listening to Mme. Roberta De Haven singing "I Dreamt that I Dwell in Marble Halls." "Now Mary thinks it's the strangest thing. Nobody in New York ever heard of that Elite Opera Company, and they advertised themselves as straight from New York. I guess they did get out of New York, though, headed for Kansas about as straight as they could make it. "Mary came home yesterday so indignant and cross she couldn't talk without crying. "I've been insulted and worse," she blurted out. "Why, I can't get anybody to even hear me sing. I've been to every comic opera manager in New York, and whenever I get within earshot of the man who engages the singers he won't even listen to me long enough for me to tell him I can sing. "What do you think a brute just said to me? When I told him I wanted to go into comic opera he said the chorus was all full. Then he gave me a perfectly awful look and asked me how I looked in tights. When I insisted that I wanted to sing and that I had a lovely voice, he spoke up real cross and pointed toward the door. "Sing," he sneered. "Young woman, where do you think you are? We want people for comic opera."

May Manton's Daily Fashions



Child's Apron—Pattern No. 4,950.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.